

Poetry.

A PRAYER.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

The way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare,
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair;
More heavy was Thy burden,
More desolate Thy way;
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us.

The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night,
And the tempest wails above us,
And the stars have hid their light;
But blacker was the darkness
'Round Calvary's cross that day;
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us.

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and hard to bear;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair;
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease;
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Grant us Thy peace.

Contributions.

JAMES QUINTER.

D. BAILEY.

It seems easy and natural to pass from the first Dunker school to its founder, and though I approach the subject with a feeling of respect that is akin to reverence, I shall attempt to write a few words concerning a life that was consecrated to the Master's work. It is not the purpose of this article to give a biographical sketch, and yet, it may be well to state that James Quinter was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 1, 1816, and died while engaged in public prayer on the Annual Meeting grounds at North Manchester, Ind., in 1888.

His father was a poor man, laboring with his hands to support his wife and three children and when death came to him it left James as the principle support of the family at the age of thirteen. This was a discouraging situation for a boy whose great desire was to acquire an education, but it seems that he did not despair and the Lord raised up kindly hearts that lent him timely assistance in his valiant struggle with adverse circumstances. He became interested in religion and was converted when he was in his seventeenth year. He early felt a call to labor in the Master's vineyard and he was elected to the ministry when he was twenty-two. I have heard that he had a quick temper when he was young, but by the grace of

God he was able to control it. I heard an intimate acquaintance and life-long friend of his relate an incident bearing on this trait of his character.

It seems that a wealthy lady in the country near Philadelphia (I cannot give the exact location,) built a union meeting house and had prevailed on elder John Umstad to fill a regular appointment there once or twice each month. She was like many people of our own day who think the truth is much more palatable when they hear it from a favorite tongue, at any rate, being unable, for some cause, to fill the appointment on a certain occasion, Elder Umstad sent young Quinter in his place. It was an embarrassing position naturally as he knew that there would be a feeling of disappointment on account of the absence of the expected minister. Quinter was still young and being small and rather effeminate in his appearance he would not make a very favorable impression at first. As he walked up the aisle the lady noticed him and as he passed immediately to the stand she remarked to a lady friend in a stage whisper so loud that Quinter overheard her: "*What did he send that young upstart here for.*" The shock produced on his sensitive nature can be better imagined than described. In relating the circumstance to his friend afterward, he said that he at first thought that it would be impossible for him to proceed with the services, but a hasty survey of the surroundings convinced him that he could not honorably retire and by the time the first hymn was sung he had so far collected himself that he poured out in prayer, such an eloquent appeal for strength and guidance that the lady was thankful that she was about to be permitted to hear a new preacher.

Elder Quinter was about forty-five years of age when he came to New Vienna, near which place I then resided with my father. He had frequently visited the church before, as the elder, Thomas Major as well as his wife Sarah were old time friends of his, but during his sojourn of about three years there, a week seldom passed that I did not see him.

I remember that he could not endure trouble in the church. My father was a deacon and as I was but a boy, they would often talk of church affairs in my presence so I have heard him express himself in regard to church troubles. He was not what we would call a strict disciplinarian. The Fall Creek church has never followed the order of the church in regard to dress, but Elder Quinter lived in the church for three years and made no effort to enforce the "order."

He was a true Christian. He did nothing "to be seen of men," but his religion

was a matter between himself and his God. I once saw an incident illustrating his regard for the Sabbath. One of the meeting houses in which he preached while at Vienna was about six miles from that village and he would frequently take dinner with some of the brethren and return home in the evening. On one of these occasions in the fall of the year he passed the house of one of the deacons who had dug some potatoes the day before and they were still in the wagon-box near the road. It chanced that the deacon and some other brethren who were visiting him were out looking at the potatoes when Elder Quinter drove past. Knowing that the potatoes would be very acceptable to him as he kept the boarding hall of the school the deacon asked him if he would take a few along. "Oh! but it is Sunday, brother A," said the elder and drove on. It was a revelation to the deacon, he could scarcely realize that any one would think it was not right to accept a present on the Sabbath.

Elder Quinter was a forcible and logical speaker, but I never considered him as having the characteristics of a successful revivalist, though I believe he did very well in building up churches when he was a young man. He was by nature a student and as this grew on him with his age, he neglected his social powers and so in a manner lost his power to sway an audience and carry them off against their will.

While at Vienna he embarked in business with a company which purchased a Woolen Factory and Flouring Mill combined. Elder Quinter was not familiar with any part of the business, and as his mind was fully occupied with other matters, he left the details of the business with his partners, they proved to be incompetent and financial disaster was the result, and as the partners were rather unscrupulous it fell to his lot to make up the shortage.

I do not know how much the indebtedness of the firm was, but I know that his sense of right constrained him to assume it all. I also know that his publishing interests were handicapped by this debt and that it was more than twenty years before he was able to pay it all and any time in these twenty years his publishing interests were at the mercy of his creditors. Some of these debts would have been forgiven him as the creditors knew that he was not able to pay and that he was not the one who should have paid, but such was his fine sense of honor that he would not accept release.

After Elder Quinter left Vienna and returned to Columbiana, I knew but little of him. He frequently visited the Fall Creek church but I was not there much of